

The Historie of

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come, you *Paraquito*, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue; loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tile with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*; what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Wel, do not then; for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see meride? And when I am a horse back, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth, question me? Whither I go: nor reason where about. Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you Gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise, Then *Harry Percies* wife. constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady, closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not viter what thou dost not know: And so farewell I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

Henrie the fourth.

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*, Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you:

Will this content you *Kate*?

*Lady.* It must of force. *Exeunt.*

*Scen 4.* Enter Prince and Paines.

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

*Paines.* Where hast been *Hal*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure score Hogs-heads. I haue sounded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne Brother to a leash of Drawers, & can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of *Curtesse*; and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettrall, a good Boy, (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of England, I shall commande all the good Lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breath in your warring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any *Linker* in his owne language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and sixe pences*; and, You are welcome, with this shrill addition, *Anon*, anon sir; skore a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe moone, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: steppe aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Paines.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Paines.* *Francis.* Enter Drawer.

*Fr.* *Anon*, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Raffe*.

D 2 *Prince.*